

Frank Black "Fitzgerald"

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It's sad to see your art
Hanging on the wall
So many pictures there
But yours the best of all

I like the Indian
The one in ballpoint ink
In ancient Massachusetts
Long before you called

You traded him and many others
For a drink
Your fingers thick from hammers
Well, it really makes you think
And then my father
Would fill your glass so tall

When I was a kid
I gophered in your crew
Always a kind word
And you showed me what to do

And living hammered
Well, it's always hit or miss
But through your cigarette stained beard
Your love rang true

And though you are so loved
It had to come to this
You got shut off
Because you always stink of piss
And now you drink someplace
Where no one bothers you

Oh, Fitzy, oh, Fitzy
Oh, Fitzy, oh, Fitzy
Oh, Fitzy, oh, Fitzy

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